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Lillian Wald

From an unfinished portrait by Louise Waterman Wise.

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BY

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

AUTHOR OF "DAILY BREAD," "LIVELIHOOD," "BATTLE," ETC.

WITH PORTRAIT

New York

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English Alumnus

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TO

MY WIFE

389455

Sweet as the breath of the whin
Is the thought of my love —
Sweet as the breath of the whin
In the noonday sun —
Sweet as the breath of the whin
In the sun after rain.

Glad as the gold of the whin
Is the thought of my love —
Glad as the gold of the whin
Since wandering's done —
Glad as the gold of the whin
Is my heart, home again.

August, 1917

Contents

	PAGE
Otterburn	13
Merry Eye	14
High Cup Nick	15
Yeavering Bell	16
The Ragged Stone	17
Skirlnaked	18
The Crowder	19
The Keilder Stone	21
Cruel and Bright	22
Fallowfield Fell	23
Old Skinflint	24
Dinlabyre	25
Unthank	26
Ambulance Train	27
Muggleswick	28
Ho Yoicks!	29
Lovelady Shield	30
Bourton-on-the-Water	31
Stow-on-the-Wold	32
Old Meg	33
Northleach	34
The Mugger's Song	35
Curlew Calling	36
Hareshaw	37
Winter's Stob	38
Pity Me	39
"O what saw you?"	40
Haggie Knowe	41
Tarras Water	42
Black Stitchel	43
Pedlar Jack	44
The Lonely Tree	45

Contents

	PAGE
Devilswater	46
The Cheviot	48
Scald Hill Cairn	49
Thirlwall	51
Scatterpenny	52
Blaweary	53
Sam Spraggon	54
Sundaysight	55
The Heron	56
Deadwater	57
"Song of a Lass, O"	58
The Empty Purse	59
Witch's Linn	60
Candle Gate	61
Clattering Ford	62
Northumberland	63
Catcleuch Shin	64
Lament	65

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Otterburn

THE lad who went to Flanders —
Otterburn, Otterburn —
The lad who went to Flanders,
And never will return —

Though low he lies in Flanders,
Beneath the Flemish mud,
He hears through all his dreaming
The Otterburn in flood.

And though there be in Flanders
No clear and singing streams,
The Otterburn runs singing
Of Summer through his dreams.

And when peace comes to Flanders,
Because it comes too late,
He'll still lie there, and listen
To the Otterburn in spate —

The lad who went to Flanders —
Otterburn, Otterburn —
The lad who went to Flanders,
And never will return.

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Merry Eye

On the day ere I was born
Underneath the ragged thorn
Three old women hobbled by.

One, she had an empty sack,
One, she had a humpy back,
One, she had a merry eye.

So the day that I was born
Underneath the ragged thorn,
As I lay upon the sack
With my little humpy back,
I was christened Merry Eye.

High Cup Nick

DARK are the black peat-hags that lie
'Twixt Cauldron Snout and High Cup Nick,
But darker is the pit that gapes
Between the dead man and the quick.

I struck his trail at Cauldron Snout,
He rose and bolted as I came,
And as he scrambled up the brae
I saw that he was running lame.

He hirpled like a wounded hare,
O'er craggy bent and quaking moss,
But cold with anger on his heel
I followed steadily across

Until I came to High Cup Nick,
And looking down, I saw him there,
Just lying like a tumbled bairn,
With bloody stains upon his hair.

No death may ever pay the price
Of the black thing he did to me,
Yet, tumbled in the bracken-bed,
He was so pitiful to see.

Dark are the black peat-hags that lie
'Twixt Cauldron Snout and High Cup Nick,
But darker is the pit that gapes
Between the dead man and the quick.

Yeavering Bell

Just to see the rain
Sweeping over Yeavering Bell
Once again!

Just to see again,
Light break over Yeavering Bell
After rain.

The Ragged Stone

As I was walking with my dear, my dear come back
at last,
The shadow of the Ragged Stone fell on us as we
passed:

And if the tale be true they tell about the Ragged
Stone
I'll not be walking with my dear next year, nor yet
alone.

And we're to wed come Michaelmas, my lovely dear
and I;
And we're to have a little house, and do not want
to die.

But all the folk are fighting in the lands across the
sea,
Because the King and counsellors went mad in Ger-
many.

Because the King and counsellors went mad, my
love and I
May never have a little house before we come to
die.

And if the tale be true they tell about the Ragged
Stone
I'll not be walking with my dear next year, nor yet
alone.

Skirlnaked

O CAME you by Skirlnaked
When you came o'er the moor?
And did you see an old man
Standing at the door?
And did you see an old man
Glowering at the door?

O came you by Skirlnaked
When you came o'er the moor?
And did you hear a young bride weep
Behind the fast-shut door?
And did you hear a young bride greet
Behind the fast-shut door?

The Crowder

'Twixt Coldmouth Hill and Butterstone Shank
I met an old crowder grizzled and lank,
With his kit tucked under his arm.
And I called to him, "Crowder, whither away?"
And he answered: "I'm due upon Michaelmas Day
To fiddle at Cherrytree's Farm —
For I play 'Bobbie Shafto' and 'Stagshaw Bank Fair,'
'The Waters of Tyne,' 'Elsie Marley,'
'Chevy Chase' and the 'Keel Row' and 'Dick o' the Cow,'
And 'Over the Water to Charlie!'"

And I called to him: "Crowder, come fiddle away!
For it's well-nigh a week until Michaelmas Day,
And I'll dance till you've crick in your arm —
A crick in your arm and a crick in your back,
And your fiddle-strings snap and your fiddle-bridge crack —
Then heigh-ho! for Cherrytree's Farm —
For I dance 'Bobbie Shafto' and 'Stagshaw Bank Fair,'
'The Waters of Tyne,' 'Elsie Marley,'
'Chevy Chase' and the 'Keel Row' and 'Dick o' the Cow,'
And 'Over the Water to Charlie!'"

And he up with his kit and he fiddled away,
And I danced to his fiddling till Michaelmas Day —
And never a crick in his arm!
Then he held out his hat, and the devil to pay,
As I sat in the ditch, and he wished me "Good day,"
And hurried to Cherrytree's Farm,
To play "Bobbie Shafto" and "Stagshaw Bank Fair,"
"The Waters of Tyne," "Elsie Marley,"
"Chevy Chase" and the "Keel Row" and "Dick o' the Cow,"
And "Over the Water to Charlie!"

The Keilder Stone

THREE times round the Keilder Stone
Widdershins I walked alone:
And his little son was born
Lifeless on the morrow's morn.

Three times round the Keilder Stone
Widdershins I walked alone:
And his gipsy-bride fell dead
Rising from her bearing-bed.

Three times round the Keilder Stone
Widdershins I walked alone:
And he wanders night and day
Witless over bent and brae.

Round and round the Keilder Stone
With the sun I walk alone:
But God never made the sun
Can undo what I have done.

Cruel and Bright

Cruel and bright as the whin
Is my love, my love,
And cold as the light on the linn,
The light of her eyes.

Free as the kestrel in air
Is my love, my love,
And dark as the heather, her hair,
Beneath dark skies.

Like heather burned black by the fire,
Is my heart, my heart,
Burned black to the ash of desire,
As daylight dies.

Fallowfield Fell

Soldier, what do you see,
Lying so cold and still?
Fallowfield Fell at dawn,
And heather upon the hill.

Soldier, what do you see,
Lying so still and cold?
Fallowfield Fell at noon,
And the whin like burning gold.

Soldier, what do you see,
Lying so cold and still?
Fallowfield Fell at night,
And the stars above the hill.

Old Skinflint

'Twixt Carrowbrough Edge and Settlingstones
See old daddy Skinflint dance in his bones,
Old Skinflint on the gallows-tree,
Old daddy Skinflint, the father of me.

"Why do you dance, do you dance so high?
Why do you dance in the windy sky?
Why do you dance in your naked bones
'Twixt Carrowbrough Edge and Settlingstones?

Old daddy Skinflint, the father of me,
Why do you dance on the gallows-tree,
Who never tripped on a dancing floor
Or flung your heels in a reel before?

You taught me many a cunning thing
But never taught me to dance and sing,
Yet I must do whatever you do,
So when you dance I must dance too."

'Twixt Carrowbrough Edge and Settlingstones
See old daddy Skinflint dance in his bones,
Old Skinflint on the gallows-tree,
Old daddy Skinflint, the father of me.

Dinlabyre

He's lying dead
At Thief's Syke Head,
That's under Dinley Fell.

Beside the fire,
At Dinlabyre,
She slumbers sound and well.

And in the heat
Of burning peat
Her face is all aglow,

While on the hill,
So cold and still,
He's lying in the snow.

Beside the fire,
At Dinlabyre,
She slumbers sound and well,

While he lies dead
At Thief's Syke Head —
And none has heart to tell.

Unthank

The sheep are bleating in the rain
That drives across Lune Moor,
And he will never come again
At eve to Unthank door.

Though I was naught to him, kind sleep
Comes rare and scant to me,
Since he has left the bleating sheep
And gone across the sea.

They took him from the sheep, and gave
A gun into his hands:
And he has gone to seek a grave
In far-off foreign lands.

I wonder if he ever hears
Out there the bleat of sheep,
Or if with cold death in his ears
He sleeps too sound and deep.

I wonder if he hears the rain
That drives so drearily —
That drives across Lune Moor again,
And through the heart of me.

Ambulance Train

Red rowans in the rain,
Above the rain-wet rock —
All night the lumbering train,
With jolt and jar and shock,
And moan of men in pain,
Beats rumbling in my brain —
Red rowans in the rain,
Above the rain-wet rock —
Again and yet again —
Red rowans in the rain.

Muggleswick

A HAREBELL tossing in the wind
Upon the windy fell,
Brings ever back into my mind
The tale I cannot tell.

The silvery gleam of cotton-grass
Among dark heath and ling,
Brings back into my heart, alas!
The song I cannot sing.

Deep buried under Muggleswick,
King Arthur lies asleep,
But tale and song, still live and quick,
Are buried yet more deep.

Ho Yoicks!

By Hungry Law and Grindstone Law,
By Harden Edge and Hoggeril Hill,
We rode all day with never a kill,
And devil a fox we saw —
With a Hi-tally-ho! Ho Yoicks!

As home we came without a kill,
As home we came down Cottonshope Burn,
Six young dog-foxes sprang out of the fern,
And made for Hoggeril Hill —
With a Hi-tally-ho! Ho Yoicks!

And every hound on a different scent,
And every fox on a different track,
And not a horse to follow the pack,
As over the fells they went —
With a Hi-tally-ho! Ho Yoicks!

Jack's mare was hocked in the Rushy Syke,
And Nick's went lame at the foot of the brae,
And I came a cropper upon my bay
As I leapt the Devil's Dyke —
With a Hi-tally-ho! Ho Yoicks!

By Harden Edge and Hoggeril Hill,
By Hungry Law and Grindstone Law,
Never again a hound we saw,
And they may be hunting still —
With a Hi-tally-ho! Ho Yoicks!

Lovelady Shield

As I came by Lovelady Shield —
Lovelady Shield, Lovelady Shield —
An old crone bobbed to me;
And "Sir," she said, "if you would wed
A wealthy wife with flocks in field,
And good fat beasts in byre and bield,
You'll treat me courteously."

But though I crossed her palm with gold —
Good yellow gold, good yellow gold —
Much good it brought to me.
For all she said, I'm still to wed,
And now I travel lone and old,
And roads are rough and rains are cold,
And winds blow hungrily.

Bourton-on-the-Water

The Windrush ripples cool and clear
Through Bourton-on-the-Water;
And I was walking with my dear
Through Bourton-on-the-Water,
This very day last year.

And now above the guns I hear,
Above the sounds of slaughter,
While I am thinking of my dear,
I hear above the slaughter,
The voice I heard last year.

The Windrush rippling cool and clear
Through Bourton-on-the-Water,
When I was walking with my dear
Through Bourton-on-the-Water,
This very day last year.

Stow-on-the-Wold

I MET an old man at Stow-on-the-Wold,
Who shook and shivered as though with cold.

And he said to me: "Six sons I had,
And each was a tall and a lively lad.

"But all of them went to France with the guns,
They went together, my six tall sons.

"Six sons I had, six sons I had —
And each was a tall and a lively lad."

Old Meg

THERE's never the taste of a cherry for me,
They're out of my reach on the bough,
And it's hard to be seeing them hang on the tree —
And no man to hand me them now.

It's hard to be travelling since Billy Boy died,
With the devil's own crick in my back,
With the gout in my knees and a stitch in my side —
And no man to carry my pack.

It's hard to be travelling the roads all alone,
When cherries hang handy and ripe —
And no man to find me a soft mossy stone,
And no man to kindle my pipe.

Northleach

As I came out of Northleach Gaol,
To see the world outside,
There came a sudden blast of hail,
And the wind blew cold across the wold,
And the world seemed far too wide.

O take me back to Northleach Gaol,
'Tis there I would abide,
Secure from snow and rain and hail,
And the wind so cold across the wold,
Secure and snug inside.

The Mugger's Song

Driving up the Mallerstang
The mugger cracked his whip and sang —
And all his crocks went rattle, rattle —

"The road runs fair and smooth and even
From Appleby to Kirkby Stephen —
And womenfolk are kittle cattle.

"And Kirkby Stephen's fair to see
And inns are good in Appleby" —
And all his crocks went rattle, rattle.

"But what care I for Kirkby Stephen,
Or whether roads are rough or even —
And womenfolk are kittle cattle?

"And what care I for Appleby,
Since Bess of the Blue Bell jilted me?" —
And all his crocks went rattle, rattle.

"And wed to-day in Kirkby Stephen,
A sweep whose legs are odd and even? —
And womenfolk are kittle cattle."

Curlew Calling

Curlew calling down the slack,
When grey rains are falling,
From the bitter town and black,
Curlew, I am coming back,
Curlew calling!

Hawk a-hover on the wind,
Look for me, your lover,
Come from barren ways and blind,
Where men seek but never find, —
Hawk a-hover!

Grey snipe drumming in the gloam,
I am coming, coming,
Never from my kind to roam.
Grey snipe, I am coming home,
Grey snipe drumming.

Hareshaw

The heather's black on Hareshaw
When Redesdale's lying white;
When grass is green in Redesdale
Dark Hareshaw blossoms bright.

They harvest hay in Redesdale
For beasts within the byre;
The heather upon Hareshaw
Is harvested with fire.

Winter's Stob

WINTER'S Stob stands high,
Black against the sky.

Winter, he lies low,
Buried long ago —

Buried long and rotten,
Yet he's not forgotten,

While his gibbet still
Stands upon the hill.

But of him whose life
Fell to Winter's knife,

I cannot recall
Anything at all.

Pity Me

As I came down by Pity Me,
Pity Me, Pity Me,
As I came down by Pity Me,
I heard a lassie sing:
"I'd give the very heart of me
To have a golden ring."

As I came down by Pity Me,
Pity Me, Pity Me,
As I came down by Pity Me
I heard a grey wife sing:
"I'd give the very heart of me
To lose a golden ring."

"O What Saw You?"

O WHAT saw you in Flanders
Fighting for the king?
Rain and mud, and rain and mud,
And never another thing.

O what saw you in Babylon
Fighting for the king?
Sun and sand, and sun and sand,
And never another thing.

Are there no burns in Flanders,
No tumbling burns that sing?
Are there no braes in Babylon
Bonnie with broom and ling?

There are no burns in Flanders,
No tumbling burns that sing;
There are no braes in Babylon
Bonnie with broom and ling.

Then I'll not go to Flanders
Nor yet to Babylon,
But keep to my own country's
Clean rain and kindly sun.

Who will may dream of Bagdad
And sigh for Samarkand —
I'll live content with the windy bent
Of green Northumberland.

Haggie Knowe

By Raven Burn and Carlin Tooth,
She came at last to Hartshorn Pike;
Then, turning east to Haggie Knowe,
She rested in a rushy syke —

She rested in rushy syke
And laid her baby in the fern;
And low and sad the song she sang
Beside the tumbling burn.

"Lie still, my sorrow, in the fern —
For no man ever spoke the truth,
If he were lying when we came
That day by Carlin Tooth.

"From Raven Burn to Carlin Tooth
He swore that he'd be true to me —
And sure he's lying dead in France,
Or under the deep sea.

"He's lying under the deep sea,
Who lay all night upon my breast;
Your father's lying cold and still —
Lie still, my grief, and rest."

Tarras Water

From the top of Hartsgarth Fell
Runs the Tarras Burn —
Tinkling fall and golden pool —
Through the heather and the fern,
Calling, calling, clear and cool,
Tarras Water calling,
Tarras Water falling,
Tarras Water calling, calling, —
Tarras Water, Tarras Water!

Through my heart the livelong night
Runs the Tarras Burn,
Golden pool and tinkling fall:
In the land of No Return
Still I hear that golden call,
Tarras Water calling,
Tarras Water falling,
Tarras Water calling, calling,
Tarras Water, Tarras Water!

Black Stitchel

As I was lying on Black Stitchel
The wind was blowing from the South:
And I was thinking of the laughters
Of my love's mouth.

As I was lying on Black Stitchel
The wind was blowing from the West:
And I was thinking of the quiet
Of my love's breast.

As I was lying on Black Stitchel
The wind was blowing from the North:
And I was thinking of the countries
Black with wrath.

As I was lying on Black Stitchel
The wind was blowing from the East:
And I could think no more for pity
Of man and beast.

Pedlar Jack

I CAME by Raw from Hungry Law,
When who should pass me by
But Pedlar Jack, with a pack on his back
And a patch across his eye.

I came by Raw from Hungry Law,
And heard the Pedlar cry:
"I've got in my pack the thing you lack —
The Song of a Sparkling Eye."

"O Pedlar Jack with the pack on your back,
Since Sally and I did part
I've saved up farthings four to buy
The Song of a Broken Heart."

"If you want the Song of a Broken Heart,
You go elsewhere to buy;
For I have never a song in my pack
But the Song of a Sparkling Eye."

"O what know I of a sparkling eye,
Since Sally and I did part?"
"And what should Jack the Pedlar know
Of the Song of a Broken Heart?"

I came by Raw from Hungry Law,
When who should pass me by
But Pedlar Jack, with a pack on his back
And a patch across his eye.

The Lonely Tree

A TWISTED ash, a ragged fir,
A silver birch with leaves astir.

Men talk of forests broad and deep,
Where summer-long the shadows sleep.

Though I love forests deep and wide,
The lone tree on the bare hill-side,

The brave, wind-beaten, lonely tree,
Is rooted in the heart of me.

A twisted ash, a ragged fir,
A silver birch with leaves astir.

Devilswater

Up the hill and over the hill,
Down the valley by Dipton Mill,
Down the valley to Devilswater
Rode the parson's seventh daughter.

Her heart was light, her eyes were wild —
Seventh child of a seventh child —
Down the valley to Devilswater
Rode the parson's black-eyed daughter.

Down she rode by the bridle-track,
Down she rode, and never came back —
Never back to the Devilswater
Came the parson's black-eyed daughter.

Up the hill and over the hill,
Down the valley by Dipton Mill,
High and low the parson sought her,
Sought his seventh black-eyed daughter.

He tripped as he trod the bridle-track,
A bramble tore his coat of black,
And he stood on the brink of Devilswater
And cursed, and called her the devil's daughter.

.

Up the hill and over the hill
Rode a black-eyed gipsy Jill,

Down the valley to Devilswater
Rode the devil's black-eyed daughter.

Rode in a yellow caravan,
By the side of a merry black-eyed man;
Down to the bank of Devilswater
Rode the devil's merry daughter.

Her heart was light, her eyes were wild,
As kneeling down with her little child,
She christened her bairn in the Devilswater —
The black-eyed brat of the devil's daughter.

Low she laughed — as she hugged it tight,
And it clapped its hands at the golden light
That glanced and danced on the Devilswater —
To think she was once a parson's daughter.

The Cheviot

Hedgehope Hill stands high,
The Cheviot higher still:
The Cheviot's wreathed with snow
When green is Hedgehope Hill.

But at break of day,
Or coming on of night,
Hedgehope Hill is dark
While Cheviot's wreathed with light.

Scald Hill Cairn

With the heart and the heels of a hunted hare,
He took the track by Foulbarn Gair,
And over Coldburn Hill,
With many a twist and many a turn,
Through the rimy bent and the bracken fern,
But they followed him, followed him still.

With many a twist and many a turn
He scrambled down to the Lambden Burn
And up the Bellyside Hill.
He dropt his knife as he climbed the brae,
He dropt his gully but could not stay,
For they followed him, followed him still.

He dropt his knife as he climbed the brae,
He dropt his gully but could not stay,
For now at the foot of the hill
The dead man's sons were hot on his track,
So hard on his track he could not turn back,
For they followed him, followed him still.

The dead man's sons were hot on his track,
So hard on his track he dare not turn back
To meet them on the hill;
He dropt the poke with the old man's hoard
And he made bolt for Langleeford —
But they followed him, followed him still.

They did not stay for the old man's hoard,
And never he came to Langleeford:
And they took him upon Scald Hill —
They took him at last — and a cairn of stones
Lies hard and heavy upon his bones,
But his ghost, it is running still.

With the heart and the heels of a hunted hare,
It takes the track by Foulbarn Gair
And over Coldburn Hill,
With many a twist and many a turn,
Through the rimy bent and the bracken fern,
And they follow him, follow him still.

Thirlwall

In the last gleam of Winter sun
A hundred starlings scream and screel
Among the ragged firs that stand
About the ruined Pele.

Bright singing birds of gold they were
To me when last, a little boy,
I came from Thirlwall, and they shook
The very sky with joy.

Still in that gleam of Winter sun
A hundred starlings scream and screel
For ever in the ragged firs
About the ruined Pele.

Scatterpenny

You'd take me for a lucky lad,
But I — I haven't any,
For I was born on a Friday morn,
Was born at Scatterpenny.

You'd take me for a lass's lad,
But I — I haven't any,
For I was born on a Friday morn,
Was born at Scatterpenny.

And he who'd have his luck with a lass,
As I — I haven't any,
Must not get born on a Friday morn,
And not at Scatterpenny.

Blaweary

As I came by Blaweary
I heard a young wife sing,
"Hush-a-low, hush-a-low,
Hush-a-low, my dearie,
Hush-a-low, my little lamb,
Hush-a-low, and sleep."

As I came by Blaweary
I heard a young wife sing,
"Hush-a-low, hush-a-low,
Hush-a-low, my dearie,
Daddy's in the lambing-storm
'Tending to the sheep."

As I came by Blaweary
I heard a young wife sing,
"Hush-a-low, hush-a-low,
Hush-a-low, my dearie,
Daddy's coming home again
To find his lamb asleep."

Sam Spraggon

From Wolsingham to Frosterley
I strode one winter's morning,
And ho! my heart was scorning
All sleepyheads and lie-abeds
That drew the clothes about their heads
Instead of striding on with me
From Wolsingham to Frosterley.

From Wolsingham to Frosterley
I hobble this spring morning,
Too old and bent for scorning,
And longing just to lie abed
And never lift again my head,
Instead of hobbling wearily
From Wolsingham to Frosterley.

Sundaysight

By Seven Pikes to Blackmoor Skirt
And so to Sundaysight
Is a rough road for travelling
To him who walks by night.

In rain or snow for seven years
Each night he took the track,
That he might see a window-light,
And ere the dawn walked back.

By stars or moon to Sundaysight
He came to ease his mind,
By gazing on a glowing pane
And the shadow on the blind.

He never spoke to her by day,
Who could not be his wife,
And naught she ever knew of him
Who loved her more than life.

'Twixt Sundaysight and Seven Pikes
A man may come to hurt;
And with a broken neck he lay
One dawn on Blackmoor Skirt.

By Seven Pikes to Blackmoor Skirt
And so to Sundaysight
Is a rough road for travelling,
But ghosts can travel light.

The Heron

'Twixt Hardlee Knowe and Brockielaw
Runs the Hyndlee Burn,
And there I saw a heron
Standing in the fern —

Standing in the young green fern,
Gaunt and grey and old,
And suddenly the sky grew dark,
And the wind blew cold.

Ghostly grey and still he stood
In the young green fern,
Listening to the tinkle, tinkle,
Of the Hyndlee Burn.

Deadwater

WHO goes to Deadwater by night,
Beneath the witches' moon,
Will never dance in the candle-light
To the merry crowder's tune.

Who comes from Deadwater by night,
Beneath the witches' moon,
Will only dance in the cold corpse-light
To the ghostly crowder's tune.

"Song of a Lass, O"

'Twixt Ridlees Cairn and Corby Pike
A lad sat on a fallen dyke,
And — did you ever hear the like? —
He sang a song of a lass, O!

He sang of her hair that was bracken red,
Of the glint of her eye and the tilt of her head,
And he sang of the day they looked to be wed —
But never a word he uttered.

'Twixt Ridlees Cairn and Corby Pike
A lad sat on a fallen dyke
And — did you ever hear the like
Of a wordless song of a lass, O?

The Empty Purse

One song leads on to another,
One friend to another friend,
So I'll travel along
With a friend and a song —
I'll travel along
Ten thousand strong —
To the end.

But if all songs should fail me,
And friend fail after friend,
I'll still have you,
O tried and true —
I'll still have you,
And a stone in my shoe,
To the end.

Witch's Linn

We lay all night in Witch's Linn
Beside the Lewis Burn,
And heard the whispering of the wind
Among the withered fern.

We lay all night in Witch's Linn
Beneath the staring stars,
And the yellow horn of the old moon hung
Beyond the naked scars.

We lay all night in Witch's Linn,
Till morn broke bleak and grey —
O that my heart had ceased to beat
Before the blink of day!

For evermore in Witch's Linn
I hear the Lewis Burn,
And the whispering, whispering, whispering wind
Among the withered fern.

Candle Gate

Who comes so late to Candle Gate?
Who comes so late,
By rainy bent and roaring spate?

Who knocks so late at Candle Gate?
Who knocks so late?
Who knocks so low, yet will not wait?

Who rides in state from Candle Gate?
Who rides in state,
By rainy bent and roaring spate?
Who rides so slow, yet will not wait,
Nor bide at all for love or hate?

Clattering Ford

WHAT did you hear at Clattering Ford,
Last night, as you lay by the Black Line Burn?
Only the swish of brandished sword,
And a heavy thud in the fern.

What did you hear as you lay in the ling,
Last night as you lay in the ling alone?
Only a splashing of hoofs, and the ring
Of flying hoofs upon stone.

What did you see as you lay last night,
Last night as you lay in the ling and the fern?
Only the moonlight silvering white
The waters of Black Line Burn.

Northumberland

HEATHERLAND and bent-land —
Black land and white,
God bring me to Northumberland,
The land of my delight.

Land of singing waters,
And winds from off the sea,
God bring me to Northumberland,
The land where I would be.

Heatherland and bent-land,
And valleys rich with corn,
God bring me to Northumberland,
The land where I was born.

Catcleuch Shin

We met at dawn at Carter Bar
And climbed the Catcleuch Shin,
And talked of all that we had lost,
And all we hoped to win.

We talked and dreamed and talked and dreamed
Daylong among the bent,
Of all that life had done to us,
And all that it had meant.

Cloud-shadows swept o'er Keilder Head
And over Carter Fell;
And when at last we rose to go
There seemed no more to tell.

But since upon our several ways
We parted silently,
Life, that had taken love from him,
Has given love to me.

Now while he's lying dead in France
With all he hoped to win,
My love and I from Carter Bar
Climb up the Catcleuch Shin.

Lament

We who are left, how shall we look again
Happily on the sun, or feel the rain,
Without remembering how they who went
Ungrudgingly, and spent
Their all for us, loved, too, the sun and rain?

A bird among the rain-wet lilac sings —
But we, how shall we turn to little things
And listen to the birds and winds and streams
Made holy by their dreams,
Nor feel the heart-break in the heart of things?

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